To Escape or Remain

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To Escape or Remain

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 5: Sadism/Masochism + Feet.

“Beyond mere physiological responses, there is a psychological element. Feet represent our autonomy; in early human evolution, in fact, they would have been vital to hunt, travel, or flee. There is a fear of compromising that, and a level of trust implicit in allowing them to be hurt.”

Notes

I have been dismayed by the lack of bastinado in fics for a while, so I jumped when I noticed this combo of prompts. I do wish I had more time to do the theme justice, but alas.

Since this kink seems to be quite rare in fics, I do feel obliged to emphasize I'm not an expert on it, and this is only based on a couple experiences I had years ago and some quick googling yesterday to refresh my memory.

Consent note: While Hannibal doesn't outright ignore his safe word, Will feels some pressure so he doesn't use it in the first place, and he's pretty freaked. Overall, please note that this does not portray a healthy BDSM relationship at all, since Hannibal isn't nice and Will is terrible at taking care of himself.

Will wasn't sure he trusted Hannibal. Was never entirely sure how he *could* trust him. They had fallen into a relationship that involved the kinkiest things Will had ever done, and he shouldn't have been able to do those things without a more solid foundation between them, but he did. He wasn't sure if it was reckless endangerment, a total lack of self-preservation instinct, a result of the masochism he had only recently discovered, or some previously undiscovered kink that revolved around the lingering concern that Hannibal might suddenly decide he would prefer to eat Will in a literal sense—but that was how it was.

He wasn't sure it mattered. The whole thing was reckless and almost certainly a terrible idea, but Will had come so many times in the past week that he couldn't bring himself to care enough to question his decision to go along with it.

Tonight, Hannibal seemed hungrier than usual, demanding. He pushed Will against the wall, sucked a large bruise into his neck that would be impossible to conceal, and kissed him like he *owned* him. Will expected to be dragged up to the bedroom and fucked hard, but instead Hannibal asked him if he felt like taking a beating, and Will was too turned on by this sudden turn of possessive behavior to say no.

Now he was tied up with his wrists lashed to the bedposts and his legs bound together with just enough room to wiggle his feet. That was a new one, but he didn't ask about it. It made it easier, sometimes, to not know what was coming next.

Hannibal started normally—a flogger with more weight than sting, used across his back and ass, helping him sink into a submissive mindset. Then a crop, which brought sharper pains blooming across his body.

Then Hannibal moved down to his feet. He spread them out where tension from the pain had made them curl, and gently massaged their sensitive soles. It felt nice, unexpectedly intimate. Will relaxed into it, thinking that, as Hannibal's fetishes went, this one was surprisingly harmless.

And then, one hand resting beneath his feet for support, Hannibal rapped them with a cane.

Will flinched, mostly from shock. But the impact, light though it was, seemed to travel all the way up his legs and up to the base of his spine, just as intimate as the light touch of fingers had been. But with the pressure changed from gentle to harsh, it felt almost invasive.

Hannibal tapped quickly and lightly, and though this cane would have felt small and sharp if used higher up on his body, on the small target of his feet it felt broader and heavier. Almost too heavy. Though he couldn't have been applying that much pressure—Will thought if he was, it would surely feel a lot worse—part of him was deeply uncomfortable. Some animal instinct supplying the sudden and irrational fear that the blows would fracture the small bones of his foot and leave him unable to walk.

It sent a shudder up his spine, but he said nothing. He tried to restrain the twitch of his calves when an occasional hit fell harder than the rest, and kept his face pressed against the mattress. He left his feet lying in Hannibal's hand with no attempt to pull back—accepting the

discomfort, submitting to his design. And when he did so, and felt the fusion of pain and submission resonate through his core, a moan fell uninhibited from his mouth.

“Very good,” Hannibal said. “Let yourself experience it fully.”

He switched his hold on Will’s feet to his ankles, and changed the cane to something narrower that stung like hell. Will’s legs would have convulsed if they weren’t so well secured in place. Hannibal lay strikes quickly up and down his soles, bright sharp pains that made his feet twitch out of his control, toes curling and stretching in panic. He was whimpering quietly by the time Hannibal paused.

“Bastinado is a form of torture and punishment that has been popular throughout history,” Hannibal said, voice just a touch too thick to sound truly clinical. Will swallowed hard; the awareness of Hannibal’s pleasure in hurting him heightened his own arousal. “Feet are a particularly fragile and sensitive area of the body, and they tend to elicit a certain response that is difficult to achieve through other means. Do you know why that is?”

Will shook his head, having difficulty vocalizing. But Hannibal gave him a quick pair of sharp strikes against the arch of his foot that dragged a ragged cry of pain from him, afraid the skin might split.

“Answer aloud, Will. You know the rules.”

“Sorry,” he said, wincing. “I. No, I don’t know why that is, sir.”

Hannibal hummed. Rapped the balls of his feet, more lightly.

“Beyond mere physiological responses, there is a psychological element. Feet represent our autonomy; in early human evolution, in fact, they would have been vital to hunt, travel, or flee. There is a fear of compromising that, and a level of trust implicit in allowing them to be hurt. In less consensual settings, of course, the danger is much greater, and such fear is warranted—a person truly can be crippled if bastinado is applied viciously.”

A series of stings broke out across his foot, and Will whined, reflexively trying to pull his knees to his chest but unable to, Hannibal keeping him firmly in place by the ankles—and that denial, forcing his body to remain stretched straight, made him foggy with arousal. It felt like Hannibal was literally bending him to his will. And this sent a tremor through him. The strikes felt bad. They felt badbadbad, like the skin of his feet would split and lay his nerves bare, leave his soles pitted and useless.

But Hannibal had never hurt him irreparably before. Never so badly that he couldn’t heal quickly, or at least continue life as usual.

He tried to convince himself that Hannibal *wouldn’t*. But he felt like he was clutching at straws, and it made that panic coil tight inside him. Every blow wound it tighter at the same time that it hardened his dick; it was a confusing, alarming state of being. To take such pleasure in this. To be so scared and so turned on at once.

The layering of strikes made the stinging seem to penetrate more deeply, even though reason told him it must be shallow, only affecting the surface. It made his brain light up with that same primal panic that something fragile was going to fracture and he would be left immobile, and he whimpered, muscles twitching futilely. The pain shot up from his feet to his entire body, making him writhe.

And Hannibal didn't stop or ease on the blows, and Will's hips twisted and legs flexed to no avail, until finally that sense of panic was so intense that he felt his safe word at the tip of his tongue. He formed the first consonant and let it fall.

Hannibal paused. "Do you have something you'd like to say, Will?"

He did. He did, but this sounded like a dare. Sounded almost like Hannibal was egging him on just for the vicious pleasure of denying him, and he couldn't bring himself to end the fantasy that he would stop, he'd stop if Will asked him.

So he choked out, "No, sir." And sank his face back into the mattress, where he could feel the oxygen thinning.

He could almost taste Hannibal's pleasure at his response, at withdrawing from the word they both knew he wanted. And the awareness of how much pleasure he was giving to him, at his own expense, wiggled its filthy way into his guts until the only desire he had was to keep giving in, to keep submitting and take everything he was dealt.

But Hannibal didn't resume right away. Will could hear a deep inhale and exhale, as if he was steadying himself. His fingers stroked Will's feet lightly, following their contours and drawing a shiver from the contrast of this contact against the pain. Will was burning with anticipation, sure that at any moment Hannibal would dig his nails into some pressure point. But he didn't.

"You offer me a temptation by indulging me, Will."

He took an unsteady breath. He was pretty sure nothing good could come of tempting the devil, and nothing good could come of knowing. But he asked, "What do you want to do to me?"

A considerate hum. "Just as I know how to apply force in a way that causes extensive pain without any damage, I know how to cause just enough damage to hobble you. Leave you vulnerable. And that concept is not unappealing."

"I know," Will said, not far above a whisper.

"Do you want me to?"

It took him far too long to respond, but he finally said, "No."

"Then why are you allowing this?"

"I…" He let the sentence fade, and tried not to allow his breathing to turn too fast and shallow.

“Will.” A smack just above the balls of his feet.

He groaned. “I can’t think. Not in this headspace.”

“You certainly can. Tell me. Tell me why you want this.”

No longer “allow”—*want*. And he wasn’t sure he could argue the point.

“Want you to hurt me.”

Two harsh smacks that made his body convulse.

“Obviously. You’re a masochist.”

“Want… want you to *take* it from me.”

“Take what?”

A series of stings began, and they escalated until he practically sobbed out, “Freedom. Take that from me.”

“Freedom of movement?”

“All of it.” He gasped and shivered at the light, rapid strokes now fluttering against his arches. “To make choices. To… to escape you.”

“So you have no choice but to remain mine?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal hummed, deep and pleased. He switched the cane for his hands, rubbing deep into his feet in a way that would have felt good if his soles weren’t already tender and sore—as it was, it felt bruising. “My dear Will. What ever gave you the impression you had that choice to begin with? I don’t need to take your feet to be sure of that.”

And for some reason, this seemed like the most reassuring thing Will had heard all day.

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